

Captain Mayne Reid writes exclusively for the New York Saturday Journal.

# NEW YORK SATURDAY JOURNAL

## SATURDAY JOURNAL

### A POPULAR PAPER

#### STAR

#### NEW YORK SATURDAY JOURNAL

#### PLEASURES & PLEASANTS

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. II. E. F. Beadle, William Adams, PUBLISHERS. NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1872. TERMS IN ADVANCE. No. 98.

#### THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY ST. ELMO.

Cradled amid the wrath of angry storms,  
With fever surging through my aching brain,  
And madness, with its ever-changing forms,  
Trying to woo me to its arms again,  
Why should I seek to draw the veil aside,  
And bring to light once more my chequer'd life?  
Born on the waves of Death's dark, sluggish tide,  
I hoped to pass beyond this world of strife.  
From the vista of my early years  
A scene of happiness was quickly fled,  
Like some sweet dream, who it may appear,  
Then vanished with light and airy gossamer.  
I seem to roam once more amid these shades,  
Beneath the dark and mournful forest shade,  
And see again those bright and loving smiles  
That lured me to the side of Marie Vade.  
And now, while passing to that unknown shore,  
Across the storm-tossed, tempest-driven waves,  
Could I but see those light-blue eyes once more,  
I could sink peaceful to the place of graves.  
Yes, far across the shimm'ring moonbeams' light,  
Bridging the space between us, cold and chill,  
A spirit clothed in garments spotless white,  
Causes my wayward heart to strangely thrill.  
And I must float across that dreary space,  
Into those realms of unknown mystery,  
Where dwell departed spirits of a race  
That long ago have passed the azure sea.  
Withdrawing it, for life is dark and drear,  
And night comes on—I will never come again,  
The parting shock I know will be severe,  
But then the Future shadows blinding pain.  
Could I but feel her kiss upon my brow!  
Perhaps 'twould call me back into this life;  
But no, such thoughts to me are mad'ning now,  
For ah, another claims her for his wife.  
My brain grows darker; ah, can this be death?  
Why should I hesitate to stem the tide,  
That soon will wail my feeble, dying breath,  
Across the waves unto the further side?

#### Capt. Mayne Reid.

This world-noted author was born in the north of Ireland, A. D. 1818. His father, a Protestant clergyman, intended his son for the ministry, and educated him accordingly; but, as "no man knows whereof he is," so the spirit within the young student's heart rebelled, and, borne on by the spirit of unrest which makes men great travelers, he suddenly abandoned books for the pilgrim's staff, and, much to his good father's chagrin, struck out for the New World. In the year 1838 he reached New Orleans, and from thence, for the succeeding five years, he made expeditions into the wild Indian country around the headwaters of the Red River of the South and the Arkansas. Then it was, as hunter, trapper, adventurer and scout, that the daring and irrepressible young man became familiar with Indian and border character and life, and gathered the material of his future work.

This exciting and novel life was succeeded by five years of travel through all our Southern, Western and Northern States, immeasurably widening his circle of acquaintance, and adding to the rich stores of his knowledge of our wide-awake and peculiar civilization. Then he settled down in Philadelphia, to commence that career of authorship which has since brought him so much honor, and he produced considerable matter in the shape of tales, sketches, essays, descriptives, etc., which found great acceptance with the press of New York and Philadelphia.

When the Mexican war broke out, Reid's spirit of adventure once more gained the mastery, and, in 1845, entering the volunteer army of invasion as lieutenant, he served, with great honor to himself and his adopted country, throughout the entire campaign—was in many engagements, made a splendid record of personal bravery at the last grand assault on the city of Mexico, was mentioned in Scott's Report, and quitted the service under a captain's commission, and with a wound which ever after gave him trouble and pain, culminating finally in his utter prostration in the latter part of the year 1870.

In 1849 Captain Reid enlisted a company of brave spirits in the cause of Hungarian Independence, and, in July, 1849, sailed with them from New York bound for the field of conflict. Reaching Paris in August, he there learned of the defeat of the Hungarian Army of the South, August 9th, and then of the surrender of the army under George August 14th, by which all hope of the independence of Hungary was extinguished.

Capt. Reid then settled in London, and there entered upon his career of authorship in earnest. He produced, in rapid succession, his "Scalp Hunters," "Desert Home," "Boy Hunters," "Young Voyageurs," "Forest Exiles," "White Chief," "Quadroon," "War Trail," etc., etc., all of which created an immense sensation, and were read by young and old with unceasing delight. All these works, and others not named, were reproduced on this side of the ocean and had an extraordinary circulation, from which the author received no benefit whatever, for, being an Englishman born, he had no citizenship here which could protect his property rights in his books—a wrong which an act of our National Congress ultimately corrected by giving to all foreign-born persons, who had served with honor in our armies, the full rights of citizens. Under this act Captain Reid is now able to control the publication of his works on both sides of the Atlantic.

The success of this writer has never paled; with increasing labor he has won increased honors; and to-day he stands foremost in popularity among living authors.

Returning to this country in 1868, Captain Reid entered upon a large literary enterprise, which was arrested by the event already re-

ferred to—the breaking down of his health, his old Mexican war wound being a provoking cause. He has, however, so far regained his strength and renewed his old spirit, as to recommence his labors; and, as a first fruit, we have the truly splendid serial, *TRACKED TO DEATH*, now running through the columns of the *SATURDAY JOURNAL*, and wherein alone it will appear in this country. That the enchanter has lost none of his power, the chapters already given will abundantly testify. It will be, it is fair to assume, read with more interest, and by a larger audience even, in this country, attended the serial publication of a romance of its nature.

In presenting this portrait of the author we answer a popular demand that could hardly be resisted. It is a very authentic likeness, taken recently in London, and forwarded to us, at our special request, for this reproduction.

Captain Reid, of course, will continue to write for the *SATURDAY JOURNAL*, and we hope to lay before his almost countless readers, old and young, in due time, the future works of his hand.

#### Tracked to Death: OR, THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,  
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"  
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

**Synopsis.**—The author, in a prologue, which constitutes Chapter I, presents us a picture almost of appalling interest—that of a man's head, apparently seated upon the ground—notching but a head, all the body being buried out of sight; and around the head hover a troop of the vultures of the desert. They are circling and snarling, as if eager to seize the victim; yet deterred by the flashing eye, and the still unimpaired voice of the man. And, overhead, sail and soar, and swoop, a flock of vultures, also fierce for their prey, yet kept at bay both by the wolves and by those flaming eyes. Alone on the plains—not a solitary living thing in sight, save that living head, and the wolves and the vultures! It is a picture not to be forgotten. Who is the man buried alive there? How came he there?

The author leaves it for the story to reveal. Few authors but Captain Mayne Reid would have given such presentation. It is just such conceptions which have secured him his great fame, and created the interest in him, personally, which we answer in this issue, by devoting the first page illustration to this fine, full-length portrait of the man, and the quite complete sketch of his life—necessarily absorbing much space; but, in succeeding issues, the romance will be continued in regular installments.

Successive chapters introduce us to two planters, near Natchez: one, Archibald Armstrong, a Scotchman, of refined culture and liberality to guests, friends and slaves alike, which can end in his monetary ruin. The other, a New Englander, Ephraim Darke, is Armstrong's neighbor, but his very contrast in character—a cruel, sordid, grasping man, with a grown-up son as cruel and base in his tastes and instincts as such a parent could wish.

With the fortunes of those two families the story is chiefly involved. The son makes suit for the hand of one of Armstrong's two lovely daughters, but is repulsed with some scorn. Then father and son bring in play their power that of a master over slaves; they force Armstrong's resignation, hoping, by threatening his foreknowledge, to force the planter to compel his daughter to accept the offered alliance. This the father will not do. He resolves, without much hesitancy, to give up all, and seek a new home, with his devoted children, in Texas.

A taste of the suitor's *quality* is given in a chapter devoted to a negro-hunt, for which he has a special taste. His father's slaves, goaded to desperation by their cruel usage, are frequently running away, seeking refuge in the vast cypress swamp near at hand. Out of this young King Darke drives them with dogs and gun, and thus obtains the considerable reward which his father offers for their recapture. A very sagacious slave, Jupiter, is among the missing, and the hunt for him is detailed. Foiled in getting on the fugitive's track, young Darke watches Jule, the maid of Miss Armstrong. This girl, who is deeply devoted to her mistress, is betrothed to Jupiter, and, it is supposed, well knows his hiding-place. So she is watched and followed one day, to the confines of the swamp; but, instead of meeting Jupiter, she simply deposits a letter in a tree, and then returns home. The letter, which contains a *caveat emptor*, does Darke secure, and its reading excites him to a terrible burst of passion, and calls forth from his firm-set lips threats of vengeance, deep and bitter.

#### CHAPTER V. THE DEATH-SHOT.

THERE was no warning—not a word. The shot came from behind. Clancy felt a stinging sensation in his left arm, like the touch of red-hot iron, or a drop of scalding water. But for the crack coming after, he would not have known that he had been hit by a bullet.

The wound—a mere skin-scratch—did not disable him. Like a tiger stung by javelin, he was round in an instant, ready to return the fire.

There was no one in sight.

The report was that of a smooth-bore—a fowling-piece loaded with ball. A conclusion, quickly drawn, hindered him from having any conjecture as to why the shot was fired, or who fired it. He was not traveling on a road frequented by robbers, but through a track of timber in the Mississippi Bottom. He knew it was an attempt to assassinate him; and that there was but one in the world capable of the dastardly deed. Richard Darke was in his thoughts, as if the crack of the gun had been some one pronouncing the name.

Clancy's eyes, flashing angrily, interro-

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

FROM A LATE LONDON PHOTOGRAPH.

Author of "Tracked to Death; or, the Last Shot," commenced in No. 97 of the Saturday Journal. Also author of the "Scalp Hunters," "Helpless Hand," "Lone Ranche," etc., etc.

1872.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

gated the forest. The trees stood thick, the spaces between shadowy and somber. It was a forest of the swamp-cypress, and the hour twilight.

He could see nothing but the tree-trunks, their branches garlanded with the ghostly Spanish moss, here and there draping them to the ground. It baffled him—it's gray festoonery having a resemblance to ascending smoke. He was looking for the smoke of the shot.

He could see none. It must have puffed up suddenly to the tree-tops, mingling with the moss.

It did not matter much. Neither the darkness nor the close-standing trunks hindered his dog, a large stag-hound, from discovering the whereabouts of the would-be assassin.

Giving a yelp, the dog sprang out, and off. At twenty paces distant he brought up by the trunk of a tree, where he stood baying, as if a bear were behind it. It was a huge cypress buttressed on all sides with "knees" full six feet in height, rising around it. In the obscurity, they might have been mistaken for men.

Clancy was soon among them; and saw, standing between two of the pilasters, the man who had made the attempt to murder him.

There could be no question about the intent. The stinging sensation in his shoulder, with the blood streaming from his finger-tips, proved the act. The motive was mutually understood.

The cowardly design was too palpable to need any explanation; Clancy called for none. His rifle was already cocked, and quick, upon the identification of his adversary, raised to his shoulder.

"Assassin!" he cried. "You've had the first shot. It's my turn now."

As he spoke his finger pressed the trigger, and the bullet sped.

Darke, on seeing himself discovered, had leaped from his lurking place, to obtain more freedom of action. The buttresses hindered him from having elbow-room. He also had raised his gun—a double-barrel—but thinking it too late, instead of pulling the trigger, he lowered the piece, and dodged behind the tree. He was like as a lynx, and his movement, almost simultaneous with Clancy's shot, was enough before it to save him. The ball passed through the skirt of his coat, and buried itself in the soft bark of the cypress.

He sprang out again with a shout of triumph, his gun cocked and ready.

Deliberately raising the piece to his shoulder, for he was now sure of his victim, he said, in a derisive tone:

"You're a clumsy fool, Charles Clancy, and a poor marksman, too, to miss a man not six feet from the muzzle of your gun! I shan't miss you at the distance. Shot for shot's fair play. I've had the first, and I'll have the last! Now for your death-shot!"

As he shouted the words, a fiery jet streamed from his double barrel. For the moment Clancy was invisible—the sulphurous smoke forming a *nimbus* around him. When it ascended, he was seen prostrate upon the earth, a stream of blood gushing from his breast, that had already saturated his shirt. He appeared to be writhing in his death-agony.

He must have thought so himself, from the words that came faintly through his lips, in slow, choking utterance.

"May God forgive you for this—Dick Darke—you have murdered me."

"I meant to do it," was the un pitying response.

"Oh! cruel wretch—why—why?"

"Bah! you know the why, well enough. Helen Armstrong, if you like. After all, it wasn't that made me kill you, but your cursed impudence to think you stood a chance with her. You didn't. She never cared a straw for you. I've got the proof here. Perhaps, before going off, it may be a consolation for you to know she never did. Since it's not likely you'll ever see her again, it may give you a pleasure to look at her likeness. Here it is—a *carte-de-visite*. The dear girl, she sent one this morning, with her autograph attached, as you see. I think it an excellent likeness, what say you? You will no doubt give an unbiased opinion? A man in your fix is apt to speak truthfully."

The ruffian held the photograph before the eyes of the dying man. They were growing dim; but only death itself could have dimmed them, so as not to see that sun-painted picture—the portrait of the woman he loved.

He grazed upon it lovingly, but not long, for the inscription claimed his attention. In it he recognized a hand-writing already known to him. The fear of death itself was naught to the despair that crept through his soul as, with fast-filming eyes, he deciphered the words:

"Helen Armstrong—for him she loves."

The picture was in the possession of Richard Darke. To him, then, had the sweet words been addressed.

"The dear girl!" repeated the assassin, pouring the bitter words into his victim's ear. "She sent it me this very morning. Come, now, Clancy! tell me what you think of the likeness?"

There was no response, neither by word, look or gesture. Clancy's lips were mute; his eyes glassed over; his body motionless, as the mud on which it lay.

"The fiends take him!—he's dead!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

## The Flaming Talisman:

OR,

THE UNFULFILLED VOW.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINK-  
ED," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

A QUEER LADDER.

"Is there no god?" (Chris, Crewly) "to befriend?"

No power to avert his miserable end!"

—POPE'S HOMILY.

As Meg Semper sprung toward the closet, Nemil closed the door behind him.

He saw a disturbance in prospect, and wished to confine the inevitable noise to the one room.

With a wring and a jerk, Meg tore open the closet door, uttering a howl at the same time—for something whizzed in her face—something sharp struck her in the mouth, and she felt the warm blood oozing from a frightful gash.

It was the white umbrella. It shot out and hit its mark before a movement could be made to avoid it. Simultaneously, with her howl, Christopher Crewly vented a defiant yell, and, with hair half-standing in nervous excitement, dashed forward.

"Look out!" he cried, as the hag stag-

gered back before the terrific blow. "Dangerous, I am! Chris, Crewly—yours forever, much! Rascals, both—ha!"

Whiz-z-z-z! circled the umbrella, quick as lightning-strokes, and the lawyer darted and danced about, as if a glowing coal was in each boot.

Meg Semper, with a fearful oath, leaped at him, her glistening knife-blade cutting the air in dashing circles as she had tried to reach him.

He knew that her words were truth. The venom from the spider's fang was eating through her blood; and the heat of excitement was an auxiliary to its rapid diffusion.

"Come," he said; "put this meddlesome dog down cellar."

They lifted Crewly, and carried him

through the narrow passage beyond the kitchen, thence down a rickety stairway, finally depositing him somewhat roughly in one corner of the cellar.

The expression on Crewly's face, as he found himself dumped in an ash-heap, was comical in its extreme of gravity and despatch.

Nemil gave a grunt of satisfaction; and Meg, after shaking her fist threateningly at their captive, followed the negro up-stairs, muttering as she went:

"Now, then, eavesdropper! thief! sneak! you'll lie there until the rats, and ants, and worms, and lizards come to feed upon your body! Ro! Rot like a dog that has been put to starve! The world won't miss you!"

The lawyer was left to his reflections; and uncomfortable these reflections were, too, for he believed his captors fully in earnest, and, therefore, saw grim death staring him in the face.

The cellar was very damp—in some places wet, and this, in addition to his feelings, under the circumstances, caused him a shiver.

It was not an actual fear of death that made him so very miserable. A brave man does not fear to die, though he may shudder and hesitate; and elements of courage were not lacking in Crewly's character.

"Hang it!" he thought, as he cast a despairing glance around his prison; "I'm afraid I'm going to be stuck like a soap-bubble, at last."

Here's the unexpected end of Chris. Crewly—if he'd lived longer, which he didn't, he might have known more, which he doesn't; which the same living less, and being cut short before he knew enough to keep out of difficulty, thus forms the sad tale of his most foul and unnatural decease! If I only had a pencil between my teeth, now, I'd try to scribble my epitaph, somehow. Let's see—" shifting his position:

"Stranger, pause: in this ash-heaps  
Chris, Crewly doth lie.  
The longest lying a'et he did,  
To gain Eternal—"

"no, no; that won't do—that won't do!"

"Go off with a ruined reputation, sure, if anybody—eh? Hello!" To his infinite astonishment, he drew one hand from behind him and held it in front of his face, viewing it with widened eyes.

How that hand got loose, he could not imagine; nor did he pause to question his miraculous release, but, in a trice, he had torn the gag from his mouth, and freed his hands.

Nemil paused, raised his hand, and gave her a meaning look.

"Beware!" said that look. "If she sees your knife, it will add to her madness! She is half-crazed, now!"

Meg Semper took another step, but, as she did so, an arm stretched toward her, a strong hand closed upon her wrist.

She uttered a quick, sharp cry that was half-yell, and started back. But, there was no struggle, no resistance to that hold; she stood erect, and gazed at Nemil in an indefinable way.

"Come," he said, and the guttural voice was lowered to its mildest intonation. "Come away from this. You don't want to stay. Come, Meg Semper—come."

Her head drooped; with passive steps she was led from the room, and Orle and Cecilia were alone. The beauty sunk into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No; no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have stricken her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

seeing to her stores and ammunition, and shipping a crew of Europeans.

He felt safe to clean out every pirate in the Archipelago, and bragged not a little about it.

Julia, Mr. Earle, and Don Gregorio, were all much interested in the preparations, especially the latter. He asked numerous questions, and appeared to be very anxious for the success of the expedition.

"The scoundrels ought to be killed," he observed. "They have done more mischief than any of you know, and it is time that they were exterminated."

Marguerite de Favannes was the only silent one of the party. She could not act a part like Don Gregorio; and she was not ignorant like Claude and Julia. She sat quietly by, while the others were laughing and joking about the swift destruction that was to overtake the Red Rajah.

And Marguerite looked with mingled wonder and terror at the very man who was to be the victim of all these preparations. There he sat, serene and placid, a slight smile on his handsome face, his dark, luminous eyes half-closed in lazy self-possession, listening to the talk, and now and then dropping an occasional sentence in his deep, melodious voice. In the very midst of his enemies, the Red Rajah of the Archipelago was as quiet and impassive as an exquisite at a play.

Mr. Earle, as we know, followed the old English custom of sitting over his wine, while the ladies went up stairs.

Julia gave the signal, soon after Claude's entrance, and she and Marguerite retired to the drawing-room. Don Gregorio held the door open for their departure, and as the fair Julia passed, she laughingly observed:

"I hope you won't let pa detain you too long, Don Gregorio. You'll find his stories insufferably long-winded."

"I will stay but a moment," returned the gentleman.

Then, as Marguerite passed, he whispered to her in French, very rapidly.

"In the garden. To-night."

The girl bowed her head, and departed with Julia.

Don Gregorio returned to the table, and took his seat.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said their host, "we're a quiet chat, hover at the port. Claude, my boy, ere's your health, and may you've success in your hexpedition. Don Gregorio, 'elp yourself, and pass the bottle to Claude."

The don smiled blandly, and did as requested, and the conversation drifted into its old topic, the Red Rajah. Since the coming of Rodriguez, Mr. Earle's notions had taken a sudden change toward Claude. He began to patronize the young man, good-naturedly enough, but still with a certain air of superiority.

"The young fellow's all very well," he said to himself, "but this'ere don is a much better match for my Julia, and I think I'll 'ave to let Claude know it. Politely, of course. If he must'ave a wife, e'ca take the little French girl. I've a notion as 'ow 'e likes her best, any 'ow."

And so he began to give Claude some fatherly advice, as to how he should conduct his expedition. Moreover, he took occasion to make several jocular allusions to the "little ma'melle" rallying Claude on his fondness for her. The Virginian took it all in good part, at first, but wearisome repetition made him a little testy at last. Don Gregorio took no part in the jokes. He sat, quiet and placid to all appearance. But every time old Earle alluded to Marguerite, coupling her name with this young stranger, his hand tightly clenched under the table.

"Will you have a cigarette?" he asked the old gentleman, at last, to stop the conversation. "You know you like my leetle che-roots, senior."

"Much obliged," said the jolly merchant. "With the greatest of pleasure. Ha! Claude, my boy, you never 'ad a cigar like this in Yankee-land, old fellow."

Claude made no answer. A Virginian had to be called a Yankee, and he was beginning to resent Earle's tone.

Don Gregorio tendered the exquisite case to the two gentlemen, and it seemed for a while as if peace was restored in the curling smoke.

But the don himself opened the campaign presently, with a remark to Claude.

"It seems, senior, that you were very fortunate in your first expedition."

"How so?" inquired Claude.

"You did expect to have much trouble in fighting with this Red Rajah, I understand. But instead of bringing back his head, as you say you go to do, you only find de little children and de women dere. Caraboo, senior. It was well you need not meet dat Red Rajah. I have hear dat he is terrible man to meet."

"I don't know that I should have cared much, if I had met him," returned Claude, sharply. "One good brig, with a fifty-pound rifle, and two Gatling guns on board, would have scattered him and his fleet to the four winds."

Don Gregorio smiled provokingly. He took the cheroot from between his lips, and allowed a stream of smoke to escape before he answered.

"Mi querido seniorito," he said, at length, "you are quite young yet, and you have not hear de way in which dat Red Rajah take de Engleesh corvette, Vengeance, two year ago. Let was yer lockee, for you dat 'e deed not catch you to serve you de same way."

Claude was nettled at this speech. He did not like the term "senorito" (little senior), nor the superior smile of the don.

"It's the Rajah's luck that he escaped me," he replied. "I don't know any thing about the corvette Vengeance. She was captured by some devilish device of that infernal cowardly cut-throat, the Red Rajah. He never took her in fair fight, I'm sure. No one but a devil, fresh from hell, could have concocted such a diabolical plot to destroy the steamer 'Alcide' that afterward chased him. Did you hear that story, sir? The unking villain blew up the corvette he had taken by some trick, and very nearly sunk the 'Alcide.' Her captain is in port now, and commands the frigate 'Marengo.' He'll tell you all about your precious Red Rajah, Don Gregorio."

Rodriguez listened calmly till he had finished, smoking tranquilly all the while.

"You are excited, seniorito," he said, provokedly. "The Red Rajah has taken scores of vessels in fair fight. Let us be just to our enemies. He has led a wild life in these seas, but de universal report eez dat he is a brave eneme. De Red Rajah nevar rob de poor man."

"It seems to me, Don Gregorio, that you talk as if you liked this cut-throat."

"Quien sabe?" replied Rodriguez; "I do not see for my part dat he is any worse dan de Engleesh, de Dootch, de Portuguese, even my own contre-men. Dey coom here; dey rob, and murda, and steal; dey call it conquest. Vot he do more? He make de fleet, he take de sheep, he burn, he kill. So do de mans-of-war. Eh, senrito?"

"I see no parallel between the cases," said Claude, hotly. "The European men-of-war only fight in time of war, after a regular declaration. You can not compare them to pirates. This fellow wars with all the world."

"Por Dios! You are right," said the don, laughing in his low, melodious tones; "and he gheve de whole world mosl trouble to put hem dacon."

Claude grew angry at the other's mocking tone. He had felt so much like a hero, that he did not like to be sneered at.

"I am glad that you sympathize with him," he said, sulky. "You'll be sorry when you see him hung, which he will be if we catch him."

"But vy deed you not keep him when you did have him?" asked Rodriguez, laughing a little more, as the other grew angrier. "You were in his stronghold, dey tell me. You had de fine time killing de women and de chil-dren. Why did you no stay a little longer to see de mastair of de ha-oose?"

Claude was about to answer angrily, when Mr. Earle interposed with a laugh, anxious to make peace.

"Don't ye remember the hold song, don'ow it says:

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,  
Taffy came to my 'ouse, and stole a bit o' beef,  
Hi want o' taffy, Taffy wasn't at 'ome,  
Taffy came to my 'ouse, and stole a mutton-bone."

That's the way to do it, Don Gregorio."

The don puffed tranquilly.

"And wech of de two gentlemens act de part of Senior Taffy," he inquired. "It is an honorable part to go to a man's ha-oose, and burn eet, and den run away, like de tief, you say."

Claude could stand this sort of thing no longer. His temper was hot at the best of times.

"I burnt the Rajah's palace," he said, fiercely; "and I killed all the men I found, because it was a nest of accursed pirates. That's why I did it. As for the women and children, God is my witness, I tried to spare them. But I had a crew of wild Malays and Dyaks, picked up everywhere and anywhere. They were uncontrollable by me, when they had once tasted blood. It was they who committed the depredations you spoke of. And yet, I don't know why I say this. It's no one's business what I did. They were a nest of pirates, and it served them all right. If I catch him, I'll serve him the same way."

"How do you mean?" asked Don Gregorio, languidly. "Do you mean you will burn his ha-oose, and run away?"

"No, sir," thundered Claude, striking his fist on the table, so that the glasses rang; "I'll cut his pirate head off, and exterminate him and all his crew, so that there shall never be a Red Rajah heard of again in these seas."

Don Gregorio extracted a second cheroot from his case, and calmly lighted it. When he spoke again, he changed the language to French.

"And mademoiselle," he said, between the puffs of his cigar; "what will you do with her? I hear from a friend of mine that you stole her away against her will. My friend told me you had acted the part of a coward to that young lady, for she loved the Red Rajah."

Mr. Earle was puzzled by the rapid French, and did not understand what was going on.

"Then your friend is a liar!" replied Claude, shortly, still in French.

Don Gregorio took his cheroot from between his lips.

"I never desert my friends," he said, quietly. "You are brave on women and children, and behind the backs of brave men. My friend can not resent your words. He is too many miles away. I do it for him. Monsieur you will give me a meeting tomorrow, or I will post you as a coward throughout Singapore."

Mr. Earle was completely mystified.

"What are you two talking about?" he inquired. "Why can't you talk English, instead of jabberin' them foreign lingoos?"

The don turned to him with a pleasant laugh.

"We were arranging a little ride into the mountains, for to-morrow morning," he said. "Is it not so, Monsieur Claude?"

"But Claude can't go a-ridin' with you to-morrow," said innocent Mr. Earle; "he's a-goin' to sail in the morning, after the pictures."

"He will put it off, I think," said the don, serenely. "Is it not so, senior? Your vessel will go with the mate in the command. Is it not so?"

The don turned to him with a peculiar look.

"I suppose it must be so," said he, gloomily. "Let us shake hands on it, then," said the Spaniard, and extended his hand.

Claude knew that the meeting between them must be kept secret, at the peril of his being posted as a coward. He knew that he must meet this man on the field—this man whom he had never seen before. He must resign the command of the Avenger, and peril his life to atone for the hasty word he had spoken. And yet he had been so grossly, though covertly, insulted, that he could not do otherwise than accept the challenge. There are some insults that cannot be borne, and the words "liar and coward" had passed.

He held out his hand and took that of the other in a firm grasp.

"I will keep the appointment," he said, meaningly.

Don Gregorio bowed low.

"Come, Senor Earle," he remarked, "is it not time we did finessh to drink. De ladies will expect us and I promised the Señorita Giulia that I would come into the drawing-room. Will you dispense with me?"

"Certainly, certainly, don," replied the puffy merchant.

He thought within himself that this Spanish chap might take a fancy to his Julia, and he was willing to let him have his chances.

A few minutes afterward Don Gregorio was entering the drawing-room.

As he put his hand on the door, he muttered:

"I have disposed of this housebreaker pretty well. Now, for my pretty little runaway."

And he turned the knob of the door and went in.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GARDEN.

At eleven o'clock that night all was silent around the "Palms." The house was dark and every one retired, according to Eastern custom.

Just at this hour, however, the green open-work door which led from the drawing-room onto the open piazza or colonnade, was slowly unclosed, and a dark figure issued therefrom. It was Don Gregorio, still in evening dress, as he had retired from the drawing-room twenty minutes before.

He had just tapped on the wall of Marguerite's room, to let her know he was going, before he stole down stairs. Don Gregorio's footsteps were perfectly noiseless. He wore black felt slippers, which made no sound.

He stalked silently into the garden, and turned behind the first rose-thicket to wait for Marguerite. He was not deceived in her coming. Pretty soon the door opened again, and he saw a small figure, dark and unconscious, flitting down the walk. He stepped out, and the next minute Marguerite stood beside him. She had thrown a dark mantle over her white dress, so as to appear less conspicuous in the moonlight.

Don Gregorio said not a word; no more did she. He drew her arm through his, and led her through the garden-walks till they came to the arbor where Claude had first seen Julie Earle. Here he gravely handed the young lady to a seat, and took his own at a short distance off, and facing her.

Then there was a long silence.

Marguerite sat with her eyes fixed on the ground, unable to speak, and trembling under the glowing eyes of her strange companion. The Rajah, on his side, literally devoured her with his eager gaze, and seemed to find it as difficult on his part to address her.

At last, however, he began, in a low tone, in French.

"It is thee, indeed, Marguerite, my little pearl, whom I cherished in my heart. And thou it was that left me. Left me all alone, to flee with a robber, a slayer of women and children."

Marguerite shivered, but made no reply.

The Red Rajah waited for some time. At last, he asked her:

"Well, mademoiselle? Have you no word for the friend who saved your life once?"

"Is it true that you left the island willingly with this boy? Had you no remembrance left of my kindness, except to avail yourself of it, by carrying off your wardrobe and jewelry that I gave you?"

Still no answer. Poor Marguerite's head had sunk on her lap, and she was weeping violently. The Rajah's words had reached her tender little heart, and she felt like a culprit before him.

He looked at her in silence, for some minutes. Then a sudden smile lit up his dark, handsome face. He suddenly shifted his position over to where she was, took one of the little hands in his, passed his arm around her, and drew her to him softly.

"Come, Marguerite," he whispered, kindly. "Tell me all about it."

The relief was instantaneous. The soft-hearted child burst out crying on his breast, and told her simple little story between her sobs, just as a child might.

"Oh, my lord!" she murmured. "Truly, truly I never meant to do as I have done. But I saw a ship outside the island, when I was out hawking. And it set me to thinking of poor, poor papa, you know. And then I remembered Monsieur Claude, poor Monsieur Claude, whom the savages carried off, you know. I told you all about it before. And I couldn't help thinking of poor aunt Eulalie in Pondicherry, who must think me to be dead. And then, somehow, it struck me that Monsieur Claude might have got away from the savages and might be in the ship. I can not tell how it was that I thought so, but I couldn't help it. And then I went home and waited. And, sure enough, Monsieur Claude did come in that very night, all alone. How he got through the village I can not tell, but when I found who it was, I was so glad, for I fancied he had brought me news from my aunt Eulalie. And, you know, my lord, you promised to take me to her, and you never did. So I was the least bit angry with you, and he promised so nicely to take me to my aunt Eulalie that I consented to go at last. But, I meant to leave a letter for you, to tell you where I had gone; indeed, I did. And, Monsieur Claude, he kept promising to do it, and to take me to my aunt's. But, oh! my lord! how he deceived me! When I packed up my things next morning, I meant to sail in the prahu, you left me, and to send back with news to you where I was. I thought you deserved a little fight, you know, for not keeping your promise. You're not angry, are you?"

The Rajah pressed the little head close against his breast, as he answered.

"No, child, no. Not angry quite. But hurt bitterly. Why did you not tell me all this long ago? I would have taken you to your aunt's. This Claude of yours does not appear to have done any better, however. What are you doing in this vulgar Englishman's house?"

"I will tell you all, indeed I will, my lord," she said, timidly. "While I was embarking on the prahu, a boat suddenly rowed out to attack us. Your people fired at the boat, and oh! I shall never forget the scene. A terrible gun they had in the boat commenced firing, and it sent forth a stream of bullets like a fire-engine. All the men on the prahu fell dead in a moment, and we fled for our lives up the streets. I hid in a house and heard Monsieur Claude calling me. I ran out to reproach him, but he would not listen. He carried me off and put me in a cabin, and from there I heard shots and women's cries; and I knew what they were doing. Monsieur Claude tried to prevent the men from killing the women, but they would do it, and threatened to shoot him if he stopped them. And then they brought me away from there, and I thought I could go to Pondicherry at once, and send word to you. But they brought me here to this stupid house, and won't let me go."

And she began crying again.

"And what pretense do you give for keeping you?" asked the Rajah.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

**Saturday Journal**  
Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from newsdealers or agents may have it sent to them by mail, from the publication office, are supplied upon payment of postage at \$1.00 per copy, per month.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One copy, four months \$1.00  
one year 3.00  
Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscription be careful to give address in full, State, County and Town. The paper is always posted, promptly, at expense of publisher. Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so those wishing for special stories can have them.

For All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers, 88 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**The Great Romancer.**—Probably no author now living has a wider fame and more general reputation than Captain Mayne Reid. He is a favorite with young and old alike, and is read in homes throughout all the country—indeed, throughout all the world where the English language is spoken. The secret of this vast popularity is thus adverted to by the *Gazette, Nakomis, Ill.*:

"There is one reason why we shall always admire MAYNE REID's writings: and that is, because he always interweaves so much information in regard to the country he is writing of, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the botany, zoology, etc. As a novelist he ranks among the first, and his style of writing has never equalled. What person, after reading one of his stories, would rest content till they had read them all? There is a peculiarity about all of his writings, and his stories never flag, nor lose interest, from beginning to end."

The publication by the New York SATURDAY JOURNAL of Captain Reid's last and most splendid production, viz.: "TRACKED TO DEATH, OR THE LAST SHOT; A ROMANCE OF THE CROSS-TIMBERS," is a most unexpected announcement to the reading public, and one that will send a thrill of delight into the heart of New York city, where the poor could enjoy it, and know it was their own. I wouldn't want a breath of *city* air about it.

What if the post-office is a mile from the house where I reside, it doesn't harm me any to take that walk; and every time I go, I find many a new beauty in the trees and bushes and flowers. I have many a thought in these walks—perhaps foolish ones. Perhaps I wish that I could send a bit of this lovely country right into the heart of New York city, where the poor could enjoy it, and know it was their own. I wouldn't want a breath of *city* air about it.

How could I make a call on the pig, or take a look after the colt, if I was rigged up fashionably—for I do go to see the animals I have named—for what is the use of going into the country, unless one sees all the sights?

What if the post-office is a mile from the house where I reside, it doesn't harm me any to take that walk; and every time I go, I find many a new beauty in the trees and bushes and flowers. I have many a thought in these walks—perhaps foolish ones. Perhaps I wish that I could send a bit of this lovely country right into the heart of New York city, where the poor could enjoy it, and know it was their own. I wouldn't want a breath of *city* air about it.

Then, when my mail comes, don't I use it eagerly, and wonder what a dreary, desolate world this would be if it were not for letter-exchanges of hearts and thoughts?

In the evening, after the sun has set, it may be, my steps will wander to the country church-yard, to read the names on the grave-stones that mark the resting-place of those I have known or heard of.

The rank grass and neglected grave of some person, will cause me to wonder whether the sleeper is forgotten, or is there no one left to care for it? I scattered a few flowers over it. Not romantic; merely a tribute to the dead.

There are none but peaceful thoughts for me in this church-yard. I forget that scandal, gossip, or suffering exist.

Yes, God did make the country, and when He did so, He made it a lesson for us—to show us that we should appreciate the benefit we gain from a visit to it. Don't you hope the time will come when our philanthropists will be able to allow the poor, as well as their more fortunate brothers and sisters, to enjoy it? We see very little suffering in the country; would there be less in the city?

Let us enjoy our country's blessings all we can; yet, at the same time, think to pray that others may enjoy these blessings as well as ourselves. EVE LAWLESS.

## LADIES VERSUS WOMEN.

SOMEbody I know says somebody she knows will not let her little girl play out of doors, lest she should get tanned or dirty clothes.

I'd like to see that woman. Surely Barnum can obtain no greater curiosity than a mother who will sacrifice her child's health and happiness to her own vanity and overstrained love of cleanliness. The number of girls who are sacrificed for the sake of fine clothing, fair complexions and "lady-likeness" is something appalling. The latter, especially, is a fruitful cause of delicate and unhealthy girls. It is unlady-like for them to do anything but play with dolls and sew patch-work, and for them to run about out-doors, climb fences or trees, and exercise their muscles in real healthy play, is to be "tom-boys"—dreadful fate! I'm sure the kind of women who are so afraid of having their children coarse and unlady-like, must be "womanly" and weak-minded enough to suit the most conservative man in existence, and as trying to please the men is said to be the highest ambition of women, and the most laudable one within, they must be perfect.

I don't subscribe to that opinion myself—no, thank you—and I wish there were more tom-boys. If there were, there would be fewer useless doll-baby women, who must get married as soon as they don long dresses, so as to have some one to take care of them, and furnish them spending-money. If they were not "lady-like," I suppose that devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation would never be reached. Lady-like! I hate the very word, its meaning is so perverted. I don't see, nor can't see, nor won't see, that girls can not be quite as much of "ladies" if they run and romp out in the air as if they sit primly on a straight-backed chair, and dress and undress Judy or Dolly, or sew minute pieces of calico in some wonderful combination, the invention of which must have thrown the ingenious inventor into a decline—it ought to have done so, I'm sure.

Such treatment of children makes women who could not walk a mile if their lives depended upon it; who always have the side-ache, or the head-ache, or some other ache; who "wilt" the moment the sunshine strikes them, and whose voices are weak they can not sing, even if into their sickly and miserable life an ambition to do so ever creeps. They are the ones, too, who never know any thing after marriage, only what "John" tells them; who are always telling what "John" says, and "likes," and "does," until you wonder if they couldn't properly be classed among the heathens, inasmuch as they worship idols.

It is not to be wondered at that they are physically and mentally weak. Human

## THE COUNTRY.

We ought to thank God for the country, and, if we are not heathens, we do it. It is so pleasant, when the warm weather comes, to shake the city's dust from off our feet, and wander among the beauties of nature. We can sit at the window and gaze away through the vista of trees, and never weary of looking at the farmers, either hoeing or haying, while, by-and-by, a cart will rumble along with some comical specimen of humanity for a driver. He may be large-footed—you don't catch him wearing boots or stockings in the summer; but he's as gay as any monarch on a gilded throne. Then there is the walk through the garden, and the arranging of bouquets, while the sweet fragrance of the roses scents the air.

Perhaps a party of city-people will pass in a carriage, dressed up in the extreme of the fashion, and, of course, sweltering under the same, while I sit in a light and cool toilet, pitying them, and not envying them the least. You couldn't hire me to torture myself into such tight-fitting clothes. When I go into the country, I go for pleasure, and not to be ruled by that tyrant, Dame Fashion.

Slowly? Not a bit of it! I argue that a person can look neat and nice, without being clad in silks and satins.

How could I make a call on the pig, or take a look after the colt, if I was rigged up fashionably—for I do go to see the animals I have named—for what is the use of going into the country, unless one sees all the sights?

What if the post-office is a mile from the house where I reside, it doesn't harm me any to take that walk; and every time I go, I find many a new beauty in the trees and bushes and flowers. I have many a thought in these walks—perhaps foolish ones. Perhaps I wish that I could send a bit of this lovely country right into the heart of New York city, where the poor could enjoy it, and know it was their own. I wouldn't want a breath of *city* air about it.

Then, when my mail comes, don't I use it eagerly, and wonder what a dreary, desolate world this would be if it were not for letter-exchanges of hearts and thoughts?

In the evening, after the sun has set, it may be, my steps will wander to the country church-yard, to read the names on the grave-stones that mark the resting-place of those I have known or heard of.

The rank grass and neglected grave of some person, will cause me to wonder whether the sleeper is forgotten, or is there no one left to care for it? I scattered a few flowers over it. Not romantic; merely a tribute to the dead.

There are none but peaceful thoughts for me in this church-yard. I forget that scandal, gossip, or suffering exist.

Yes, God did make the country, and when He did so, He made it a lesson for us—to show us that we should appreciate the benefit we gain from a visit to it. Don't you hope the time will come when our philanthropists will be able to allow the poor, as well as their more fortunate brothers and sisters, to enjoy it? We see very little suffering in the country; would there be less in the city!

Let us enjoy our country's blessings all we can; yet, at the same time, think to pray that others may enjoy these blessings as well as ourselves.

EVE LAWLESS.

That *Every Saturday* did not go for the "whole country" was its mistake. It published week after week, pictures that had no more interest for an American audience than any other translation. It was essentially foreign.

As compared with *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, it was a cold feast compared with a splendidly served hot dinner. It was an *echo*; not an original; and its failure is one more lesson to those who are vain enough to suppose that they can compel American taste into their channels. The wise publisher gives the people what they want, and that they want is good in eminently true, as witness the fact, that men of widest popularity are, almost without exception, those of eminent merit.

No; neither *Every Saturday*, nor the thousand and one other papers which have been "obituaried," perished from superexcellence; they died because nobody cared to have them live. Only those magazines, or weeklies, or dailies, are a success which cater right at and for the public as they find it, and the most eminent successes are owing solely to the superior knowledge of the public want possessed by the managers. The idea of a "paper for the cultivated classes"—of a magazine for the "intellectual classes"—is all well enough as an idea; but, when these ventures are downright failures, it is ridiculous to lay the blame on the public that wanted something else.

The *Mistaken Notion*.—The failure of the Boston weekly, *Every Saturday*, as an illustrated paper, we are somewhat surprised to see, is attributed to its having been *too good*! To those inside of "the trade," knowing what sells and what don't, such notices as the following excite a broad smile:

"*Every Saturday*—to use a vulgarism—'went for' the whole country. It was admirably illustrated, energetically managed, and pushed with unusual vigor, and *edad*, and yet, it has gone down in the race." This given out it was 'too well edited'—that is, that it shot too much above the popular tastes. What does this mean? and which is most at fault, *Every Saturday* in trying to advance and purify popular tastes, or the reading classes in not being willing to be thus ministered unto? The suggestive query for thought is—was *Every Saturday* before the age?

That *Every Saturday* did not go for the "whole country" was its mistake. It published week after week, pictures that had no more interest for an American audience than any other translation. It was essentially foreign.

As compared with *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, it was a cold feast compared with a splendidly served hot dinner. It was an *echo*; not an original; and its failure is one more lesson to those who are vain enough to suppose that they can compel American taste into their channels. The wise publisher gives the people what they want, and that they want is good in eminently true, as witness the fact, that men of widest popularity are, almost without exception, those of eminent merit.

No; neither *Every Saturday*, nor the thousand and one other papers which have been "obituaried," perished from superexcellence; they died because nobody cared to have them live. Only those magazines, or weeklies, or dailies, are a success which cater right at and for the public as they find it, and the most eminent successes are owing solely to the superior knowledge of the public want possessed by the managers. The idea of a "paper for the cultivated classes"—of a magazine for the "intellectual classes"—is all well enough as an idea; but, when these ventures are downright failures, it is ridiculous to lay the blame on the public that wanted something else.

Let us enjoy our country's blessings all we can; yet, at the same time, think to pray that others may enjoy these blessings as well as ourselves.

EVE LAWLESS.

The *Moralities of the Press*.—The freedom with which the "critics" of the daily press fling around their opinions of men, books, and things, has a decidedly humorous side, when we come to know those oracles personally, and find that, in seven cases out of eight, they are as ill qualified for judging as a tin whistle is to perform the office of an orchestra. An instance occurred, a few days since, in which a certain "leading journal," for the twentieth time, at least, flung the severest kind of anathema at the popular press and weekly papers of the largest circulation, holding them to be largely responsible for the want of intelligence and virtue among "the masses." Convinced that there was *spite* at the office end of that rope, we made inquiry, and soon ascertained that the probable author of these anathemas was a writer of the meanest kind of literary trash and hash for one of the Sunday papers, whose contributions had been rather peremptorily rejected by one of the popular weeklies: *hinc illa lachrymae!*

The "moralities of the press" are a most excellent thing when they are moralities and not the well-rounded periods of some Bohemian who hasn't as much good character to brag of as a two-cent postage stamp would have. As a rule, we know the popular weekly press is far more particular in its literary conduct than the arrogant and conceited daily press. Even the best of our daily papers print columns of matter that a popular weekly would only touch with a pair of tongs; and he must indeed be blind who does not see in the daily press the sin which the Fejee above referred to is so eager to lay at the door of the papers for which he can not write.

Tracked to Death.—For those who have not perused the opening chapters of Captain Mayne Reid's great story, we give a synopsis of those chapters, on our first page. The space necessarily occupied by the author's portrait and interesting life sketch, somewhat restricts the second installment of the story, in this issue; but, the rapid progress of the serial, hereafter, will soon overcome any omissions of this present number.

It is not to be wondered at that they are physically and mentally weak.

Human

plants can not grow healthy in the shade any better than vegetable ones, and the number of suffering women and children in our land cry out for a thorough reform in this matter. To be sure this is only one abuse among many, but it is a very great one. A woman told me once that when she was eight years old, she had only two hours a day for play, being kept the remainder of the time at dish-washing, knitting and patch-work. Two hours a day! Only think of it! No matter for what reason children are thus kept in doors at work, it is barbarous. Old-fashioned people still think that, if a child likes to romp, and play, and pick flowers, better than to work, it is an evidence of total depravity. Dear me! When I think of the childhood our forefathers and mothers had, I don't wonder that they sometimes lacked heart. All the freshness of soul they naturally possessed was used into potatoes, and knit into stockings.

But, nowadays, people expect children to be children, in a measure at least, and instead of being sacrificed to work, they are sacrificed to fine clothes, fair skins, and ladydom. Clothes! What does fine clothes amount to? I had a peculiar faculty of having a tear in my dress when I was a little girl, and I was always as happy with it as without, because, you see, I didn't expect a scolding about it. I wasn't very particular about wearing a bonnet, either, and I was (I suppose) a dreadful tom-boy. At any rate, I could climb logs with the greatest ease, hunted hen's nests in the very top of the barn, and shall I say it? yes—climbed trees! And, what is more, I didn't drop that last accomplishment when I left off short dresses. I hope I haven't shocked anybody into a fainting fit by that last confession.

LETTE ARTIE IRONS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "ARTEMUS WARD," NO. 2.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

WHEN in 1863 Ward conceived the idea of making a lecture tour through California—a great undertaking in those days—he engaged the writer to accompany him as agent, offering a salary that made the insignificant pay of a "Cleveland" "local" blush with shame. Not knowing that lecturers, and especially humorists, have a way of engaging every man as agent who professes a desire to travel, I made all preparations to go, and when I had read them all, I would not say I had read them all! There is a peculiarity about all of his writings, and his stories never flag, nor lose interest, from beginning to end."

AH! me; it's a pity that there are so many persons, who pass summer after summer in the country, but, rarely, if ever, think of the hundreds of poor girls at work in the hot cities, where the sun pours down upon them, and who, though heads ache and limbs tire, must still be busy, or the wolf of poverty will come in at the door. Is not this a fearful thing to contemplate how many flights of stairs these poor creatures have to mount, and when have no rest when they get there?

How many a wearied heart would grow stronger, and many an eye grow brighter, if they could but go into the country?

Then, when my mail comes, don't I use it eagerly, and wonder what a dreary, desolate world this would be if it were not for letter-exchanges of hearts and thoughts?

In the evening, after the sun has set, it may be, my steps will wander to the country church-yard, to read the names on the grave-stones that mark the resting-place of those I have known or heard of.

The rank grass and neglected grave of some person, will cause me to wonder whether the sleeper is forgotten, or is there no one left to care for it? I scattered a few flowers over it. Not romantic; merely a tribute to the dead.

There are none but peaceful thoughts for me in this church-yard. I forget that scandal, gossip, or suffering exist.

Yes, God did make the country, and when He did so, He made it a lesson for us—to show us that we should appreciate the benefit we gain from a visit to it. Don't you hope the time will come when our philanthropists will be able to allow the poor, as well as their more fortunate brothers and sisters, to enjoy it? We see very little suffering in the country; would there be less in the city!

Let us enjoy our country's blessings all we can; yet, at the same time, think to pray that others may enjoy these blessings as well as ourselves.

EVE LAWLESS.

The *Moralities of the Press*.—The freedom with which the "critics" of the daily press fling around their opinions of men, books, and things, has a decidedly humorous side, when we come to know those oracles personally, and find that, in seven cases out of eight, they are as ill qualified for judging as a tin whistle is to perform the office of an orchestra. An instance occurred, a few days since, in which a certain "leading journal," for the twentieth time, at least, flung the severest kind of anathema at the popular press and weekly papers of the largest circulation, holding them to be largely responsible for the want of intelligence and virtue among "the masses." Convinced that there was *spite* at the office end of that rope, we made inquiry, and soon ascertained that the probable author of these anathemas was a writer of the meanest kind of literary trash and hash for one of the Sunday papers, whose contributions had been rather peremptorily rejected by one of the popular weeklies: *hinc illa lachrymae!*

The "moralities of the press" are a most excellent thing when they are moralities and not the well-rounded periods of some Bohemian who hasn't as much good character to brag of as a two-cent postage stamp would have. As a rule, we know the popular weekly press is far more particular in its literary conduct than the arrogant and conceited daily press. Even the best of our daily papers print columns of matter that a popular weekly would only touch with a pair of tongs; and he must indeed be blind who does not see in the daily press the sin which the Fejee above referred to is so eager to lay at the door of the papers for which he can not write.

Tracked to Death.—For those who have not perused the opening chapters of Captain Mayne Reid's great story, we give a synopsis of those chapters, on our first page. The space necessarily occupied by the author's portrait and interesting life sketch, somewhat restricts the second installment of the story, in this issue; but, the rapid progress of the serial, hereafter, will soon overcome any omissions of this present number.

It

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

**ANOTHER.**

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

Another little stranger,  
New come, unshrouched in his coat,  
A weary world of sorrow,  
Of selfishness and sin.

Another mother's blessing,  
Sent her from Heaven above;  
Another darling something,  
To live for and to love.

Another happy father,  
Glad with another son; / And all  
Another small foundation,  
To build fond hopes upon.

Another loose-tongued harpy,  
To prattle and to chatter;

Another pair of plump feet,  
O'er the floor to patter.

Another tiny blossom,  
To bloom into a flower;

Another guileless victim,  
To guard in sin's dark hour.

Another earthly treasure,  
To keep with joy and pride;

Another wayward wanderer,  
In paths upright to guide.

Another infant sailor,  
Ship'd on the voyage of life;

Another valiant soldier,  
To battle in the strife.

Another given emblem  
Of God's great love and grace;

Another one more added  
To the vast human race.

## A Little Episode.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"THE widow Amber, eh? Well, Vivian, if you are in love with her, you are only following in the footsteps of every man who has been introduced to her. Isn't she *par-fai charmant*, though?"

Will Vesey took the cigar from his lips as he spoke, and looked quizzically across the piazza at Fred Vivian.

He was a dark-faced, bright-eyed fellow, was Fred, and if the ladies generally, and Zella Amber, particularly, adored him, it was no fault of his.

Even young Vesey, as he watched the laugh gather in Fred's eyes, thought to himself that of all the applicants for the petite widow's favors, this sun-faced young god was the most likely to win them.

"Y-e-s, Zella's beautiful and charming, and winning, and all that, I know, Vesey, my boy, but, on my honor, I'm not in love with her."

He spoke easily and curtly, knowing full well the surprise his words would cause.

"Not in love with 'Diamond Eyes'! Are you invulnerable, Vivian? or—surely you are not going to commit yourself to Lulu Barnard?"

Fred smiled at the look of incredulous amazement.

"I shall not commit myself, Will, simply because the thing is done. Will you congratulate me—and Lulu?"

Just the least visible suspicion of contempt shone in Will Vesey's brown eyes, as he answered:

"It's not the first time I've heard of persons refusing the jewel and accepting the past. But I do hope you'll be happy, old friend; yet, I must say, I think the chances would have been better had little Zella Amber been your queen instead of Miss Barnard."

"And I beg leave to differ. Only I would so like to know why you so dislike my gold-haired, violet-eyed Lulu. Isn't she beautiful? Isn't she lady-like? Isn't she refined and intelligent?"

"Undoubtedly; but—"

"Then what more would you have? I'm quite sure I prefer all these graces to the widow Amber's coquettish ways and languishing airs."

Fred was waxing indignant, and his rising wrath was not improved by Will Vesey's cool, deliberate reply.

"Now, look here, Vivian, while I explain my position. You needn't flare up and explode, prematurely—only wait till I tell you that I disapprove of Miss Lulu, with her 'golden hair'—is it 'brown' in the shade, by-the-by, Fred?—and her 'violet eyes'—simply for the one reason that she is possessed of a certain trait of character that will make you both miserable."

"Indeed? May I be permitted to inquire what the deplorable characteristic is?"

The dark red color was deepening in Fred's cheek, and Vesey saw a resentful light in his eyes.

"Yes, I'll tell you," rejoined he quietly ignoring the rancor he was so sorry to see.

"Lulu, with all her charms, all her undeniable beauty, is of a fearfully jealous disposition, which, coming in contact with your hasty, self-willed temper—well, I wouldn't want to be around."

Will laughed, hoping to disarm Fred's suddenly-arisen vexation; but the cloud only lowered, and the angry brightness in his eyes did not die away.

After a pause Fred relighted his cigar, and went toward the open French window.

"I'm much obliged, Vesey, I'm sure, for your compliments to Miss Barnard. However, I assure you they can not shake my affection for her, or my dislike to your gushing widow."

Then he stepped off the veranda, and strolled down toward the lake.

It was a large, front room, nicely furnished, that overlooked the blue lake; and by the open window, making as fair a picture against the flushed sunset sky, as man ever gazed upon, sat Zella Amber, radiant in her witching loveliness of dusky-hair, star-eyed beauty. And yet, just at this moment, hardly "radiant," for, as by magic, the delicate sea-shell tint had fled from her smooth, round cheek, and a troubled expression had leaped swiftly to her eyes.

She had been so happy until just a minute ago; she had been thinking some unspeakably precious thoughts, and now, all of a sudden, those delicate dreams were rudely disturbed, and that, too, by him whom she had elected for her king.

Frederic Vivian's cold, sarcastic words had been borne to her ear the moment he left his lips—the mustached lips Zella had often longed to kiss, as she watched their frank smile and passionate pride of movement.

The tell-tale wind had carried his words, uttered for Will Vesey's ears alone, further than even Zella Amber's ears; they pierced her, to her very heart's core, and the passionate cry that fell almost involuntarily from her red lips, revealed the sweetest secret of her life.

Yes, she had been worshiping this ideal

hero of hers—this handsome, graceful-limbed Apollo, whose voice, that was, of all melody, the richest music in the world to her, had proudly declared he loved another—and of all others, that it should be Lulu Barnard—and not only did not love herself, but even disliked her—"a gushing widow!"

How these hard, cruel words rung and thundered in her ears, so that she sprang from her low chair by the window, and paced the floor in utter agony of soul.

She "a gushing widow" all! if he had known it! if all the world but knew of that marriage of hers with Croesus Amber, the man whose money had purchased her of a stepmother! the gray-headed man who had never given her one loving word, who thought diamonds a fair substitute for the husband's kisses, and pearls for his caresses.

Poor, poor Zella! She had been so heart-free when he died; she had been so circumspect for two long years, never once laying aside her mourning. Then, with all the glad freedom of a bird, escaped from its gilded cage, she had conscientiously gone forth into the world, determined and willing to give and receive all the happiness possible.

It really seemed that tender, brave heart of hers that he, of all men, had applied such an epithet to her—her, who had been living but for him since they first met, three months back, at that quiet country resort; who had given him the freshest, earliest, and *only* love of her girlish heart—she, who had only counted the rose-petals drop a score of times—she "a gushing widow"!

Very wearily she sat down by a back window, where the sounds of gay voices could not grate on her ear; and she tried to give him up to Lulu Barnard.

"Why, I thought everybody at the hotel knew it, Lulu. It is a patent fact to any close observer."

The lady that addressed Lulu Barnard was hardly prepared for the sudden, stormy tempest that sprung to her eyes—beautiful violet eyes they were, too, large and deep, white-lidded, and heavily lashed.

She had been sitting in an attitude of careless grace on a low, chintz lounge, in Mrs. Daymond's room, with her white *Swiss* wrapper, that was caught at the throat with a blazing diamond button, falling to the crimson carpet in a foamy billow of ruffles, and laces and filmy puffs.

Now she was on her feet, firmly planted by the window, and looking with snapping eyes down upon the well-filled circular promenade before the hotel front.

Mrs. Daymond had been gossiping lightly, on the different groups and couples as they loitered about, and had mentioned, quite casually, that "Mrs. Amber and Fred Vivian seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely."

Lulu had laughed it off; Mrs. Daymond insisted upon it, and then, had mentioned that the beautiful young widow was desperately "taken" with Lulu's lover; that it was common gossip, as witness his devotion—no, her attention to him, that very moment. And then, Lulu was on her feet in a moment, glaring down upon the two—on Zella Amber, who was wondering if she could ever give him up, and trying to be so distant toward him; at Fred, who was inwardly saying "the little widow was charming, after all," and chafing because Lulu was so long dressing.

And Lulu looked down; a tall, graceful girl, proud as a princess, passionate, and—jealous; feeling as though she could crush out those jewel-bright eyes that once in a while were raised to her Fred's so bewitchingly.

Her face grew almost ghastly in its pallor, and she clenched her white hands in a spasm of rage; but her voice was clear and natural when she addressed Mrs. Daymond.

"I'll go to my room and dress now, Julie. Perhaps I can break the charm down yonder."

But the smile that accompanied the words was very like the blaze of blue lightning over the edge of a thunder-cloud.

It came so suddenly that people were fairly stunned by the terrible report that was whispered about, with white faces and scared eyes.

People wondered how she dared do it—that awful deed whose name was murder; people went and looked at the blue lake, where Zella Amber had last been seen, in the dim dusk, earnestly talking with some one, a tall, black-robed woman who had disappeared so mysteriously.

They had searched for the body of petite, beautiful Zella, but the current must have borne its pitiful burden far seaward ere this; and people missed her arch, sweet face; her gay, ringing laugh, and remarked how lovely she had always been.

Along at first, no one dreamed the fearful truth; then, as if the name were whispered by a spirit of the air, crept among them the ghoul secret; how Zella Amber had been pushed into the water, purposely, by the tall woman in black, who had betrayed herself by a rosette from her dainty slipper when she fled from her victim's cries.

And the rosette was—Lulu Barnard's. But, before the news had become known, this sweetheart of Fred Vivian's, this fire-hearted woman, had gone, and even he knew not where. Those were black days for him; and in the long hours he used to think and think about it all, and at last admitted to himself that the loss of Zella Amber was worse to him than Lulu Barnard's.

A fine, dark face, luminous with love and joy; a pair of tear-jeweled eyes, dark and tender; quivering red lips, where smiles were struggling.

That was the face Fred Vivian looked down upon, after he had kissed again and again its beautiful features.

"But to think we ever should have met after all; after those dreadful weeks of Fred, I must not talk of it."

And Zella Amber laid her petite hands on his shoulder in such a gesture of perfect love and confidence. But his face ashened and grew stern as the memories rushed over him, and then Zella's cheek leaned caressingly against his.

"Let us never speak of it again, Fred, darling. Let it suffice that God's guiding hand sent the old fisherman's boat to save me, and that the same goodness led us to each other at last."

And with her low, murmurous words of sweet thankfulness, Fred Vivian was content to forget all the bitter past; forget the other beautiful one whose wild jealousy had well nigh shut her out of Heaven, and rest forever after in the sweet haven of Zella's love.

She had been so happy until just a minute ago; she had been thinking some unspeakably precious thoughts, and now, all of a sudden, those delicate dreams were rudely disturbed, and that, too, by him whom she had elected for her king.

Frederic Vivian's cold, sarcastic words had been borne to her ear the moment he left his lips—the mustached lips Zella had often longed to kiss, as she watched their frank smile and passionate pride of movement.

The tell-tale wind had carried his words, uttered for Will Vesey's ears alone, further than even Zella Amber's ears; they pierced her, to her very heart's core, and the passionate cry that fell almost involuntarily from her red lips, revealed the sweetest secret of her life.

Yes, she had been worshiping this ideal

## Laura's Peril: OR, THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUR IN THE WORLD,"  
ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.

ILL TIDINGS.

LAURA ROBART was sitting in the reception-room of Rockledge, when Clowes, the waiting-woman, came to her with a wild look, exclaiming:

"Oh, my lady! the dreadfulest thing has happened down at the beach."

"Down at the beach?"

"Yes, my lady; the tall gentleman's drowned—washed ashore, my lady, stiff and stark."

"What tall gentleman? Not Mr. Nevin, is it?"

Laura was flushed and excited as she spoke.

"No, not Mr. Nevin; he is a deal too sharp to go paddling around at night in a leaky boat, and get upset in this dreadful way."

"Oh, please, Clowes, tell me who is it they have found?"

"The Englishman, my lady—Mr. Rook!"

"Gilbert Rook—dead?"

Laura stared at the woman, as if she was determined to look her out of this fearful news, but poor Clowes only held her mouth wide open, and panted with the excitement of the occasion.

"Give me water—a drink," demanded the mistress, and mechanically the maid obeyed.

The water had a good effect, and Laura said, quite coolly:

"This is very unpleasant news, Clowes; but please don't trouble yourself with carrying such stories in the future—to me, at least. They are very disagreeable; they make me nervous. Where is your master?"

"In the library, my lady."

"Thank you?"

She swept out of the room, along the hall, and surprised Elton, who had tried to read, but had given up the task, and fell to dozing.

"Papa Rook?"

He opened his eyes.

"Sleeping, eh? Pardon me. I thought you were sitting up."

She was turning away again, but he stretched out his hand, and caught her dress.

"Don't go," he said. "I would rather talk and look at you than sleep."

"Would you?"

She bent over and kissed him.

"You are always complimentary. I don't know really what I do without you."

She was purring about him like a cat—all soft, downy fur, and without claws.

"Cleve must have been very happy with you, Laura. He was kind, I hope?"

The woman's gaze sought the floor.

"Very kind!"

"You never quarreled, love?"

She hesitated an instant; then she responded with a little laugh:

"Oh, how silly!"

He was satisfied with the reply, and pressed the hand that lay in his so confidently.

"There was something very hot-headed about Cleve," he remarked, after a while, "that was hard to put up with at all times, but he could not fight with an angel. Poor boy!"

Elton Robart heaved a deep sigh; and then Laura, anxious to change the conversation, said abruptly:

"I'm sick and tired of Newport, papa. When are we going back to Maryland?"

"When you please."

"Then let us go back to-morrow morning, or better still, we can go to-night, on the ten train."

"But that's so sudden, and running away in the night, too!"

"It will give us an opportunity to sleep the miles away," she urged. "I prefer

Of course, Orrie was all animation.  
"Are you not afraid when we go so fast?"

"Afraid!" said Orrie, contemptuously.

"No; I guess I ain't! I love to go fast!"

"You love a good many things—don't you?" said Jacquette.

"Yes; I guess I do! There's Red Rock! Those houses are you going to?"

"Briggs."

"Oh, yes; old Jake Briggs got his legs smashed off! I heard Kit telling Blaise it. Are you going to fix 'em for him?"

"I wish I could," said Jacquette, as she leaped lightly off, and gave her hand to Orrie to spring; "but I am afraid that is beyond me. Come in."

A boy came out and took her horse, as though it were quite a matter of course to see Miss De Vere there. Jacquette went in with Orrie to the cottage, where, on a bed, lay the prostrate form of the unfortunate Briggs—life almost extinct.

A woman was bending over him, crying and wringing her hands; four or five children were crouched round a smoky fire, in loud lamentations—some for their father, and some for pieces of bread.

Jacquette's presence stilled them all for a moment—in the mother. A doctor had been sent for, and was expected every instant; so she turned to the children and quieted them by distributing unlimited slices of bread and butter, an unfailing cure generally for the afflictions of childhood. Orrie declined taking any, and sat with her black, fishy eyes riveted, as if fascinated, on the distorted face of the maimed man. Jacquette strove to console the woman; replenished the smoky fire until it burned brightly; put the disordered room to rights, and made herself generally useful, until the arrival of the doctor. He came in about an hour—pronounced the case hopeless; spoke pleasantly to Jacquette, and called her a good little girl; hoped she would make her uncle do something for the family; chuckled Orrie under the chin, and inquired the latest news from the land of goblins; and put on his gloves and departed.

Noon approached, and Jacquette was just trying her hand at getting dinner for the children, when the furious clatter of horse's hoofs brought her to the door; and she saw Frank panting, flushed, breathless, standing before her.

"Well, Master Frank, what now?" she demanded.

"Oh, Jack! you're to come right straight home! Uncle says so—he sent me after you! There's the old Dickens to pay at Fontelle!"

Jacquette looked at him in calm astonishment.

"Come right straight home? Why, what's wrong?"

"Don't know, I'm sure—every thing is! Old Grizel Howlet's there, and old Nick Tempest; and uncle's in a regular down-right state of mind, if ever you saw him in one!"

"What sort of a state of mind?"

"A blamed angry one! Come, hurry up! I shouldn't wonder if they were all assassinating one another by this time. Uncle told me not to say old Grizel and Captain Tempest were there; but I couldn't hold in."

"Not tell 'em? Really! Is—Captain Disbrowe there?" she asked, hesitating.

"He was, when I left! Come—make haste!"

I will be back in a moment," said Jacquette, hurrying in to get her hat, and take her departure.

Orrie, hearing Frank's voice, came out, to his great amazement; but a few words explained how she got there. And the young gentlemen swung her up before him, and announced his intention of carrying her off to Fontelle.

"Will you?" cried Orrie, delighted; "that's you! I want to see that nice captain again."

"It's the last time you'll see him, then, for one while," said Frank, "for he is going away to-day."

"Going where?"

"Oh! ever so far away! To a place called England—a small little island they have over there."

"And when will he come back?"

"Never, I expect," said Frank, sententiously. "So begin and tear your hair, and rend your garments as soon as you like!"

Orrie's face grew so blank at the news, that Frank had to laugh; but at that moment Jacquette mounted, and they both dashed off together.

"What on earth can they ever want with me, Frank?" she asked.

"How the mischief do I know. Something awful's up, I've no doubt!"

"And papa told you not to tell me they were there?"

"Yes!"

"Well, it's strange, I must say; but time will tell; and so I don't object to a small surprise."

She laughed, and hummed:

"Romance for me, romance for me, And a nice little bit of mystery."

"I rather calculate it won't be a very pleasant surprise when you do hear it," said Frank. "Old Grizel looked as if she meant mischief."

"She generally means that."

"And she and uncle had a long confab together in the nursery-room."

"Indeed?"

"And when he came in, he looked like a thunder-cloud—like the picture of that old thingymaggle in the library, you know—that old Roman brick that killed his daughter!"

"Perhaps it was something about Augustus!"

"Very true! Well, there is no use troubling ourselves about it till we get there. Orrie, are you not afraid to go to Fontelle, and old Grizel there?"

"No," said Orrie; "I must see the captain; and she may beat me if she likes; but I will!"

"What a lady-killer he is—eh, Jack?" said Frank, laughing.

"What do you want to see him for?" said Jacquette, coloring slightly, and not noticing Frank's remark.

"Oh! I want to ask him to take me with him—he said, perhaps he would."

Frank laughed uproariously at the very idea of the thing; and then, as the rapid pace at which they went precluded conversation, they relapsed into silence and galloped swiftly along.

Some time in the afternoon they reached Fontelle. As they entered the hall they met Reynolds.

"I say, Reynolds," said Frank, taking him by the button, "are all the good folks in the parlor yet?"

"Yes, Master Frank."

"Is uncle there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nursing his wrath to keep it warm!"

laughed Jacquette, as she tripped along, and opening the parlour-door entered, followed by Frank and little Oriole.

#### CHAPTER XX.

A PROUD HEART CRUSHED.

"When I am cold, when my pale-sheeted corse Sleeps the dark sleep no venomous tongue can wake, List not to ev'ry thoughts of her whose lips Have then no voice to plead."

MATTHEW'S BENTHAM.

The group in the parlor had scarcely changed their positions since the morning, except that Captain Tempest, overcome by the silence and watching, had fallen asleep, and now snored audibly. Luncheon had been served; for, even in his anger, Mr. De Vere could not forget hospitality; but no one had touched it save Grizel and her companion. Mr. De Vere, with his arms folded across his chest, sat moodily in his elbow-chair, and Augusta and Jacquette still maintained their drooping, dejected position.

Jacquette's keen eyes took it all in at a glance, and then advancing toward Mr. De Vere, she began:

"You sent for me, papa?"

"One moment, young lady!" interposed Mr. De Vere, sternly, sitting upright. "Do not speak, if you please—at least for the present—only in answer to my questions. Ah! how came this child here?"

Grizel uttered an exclamation as the same time, as little Orrie entered with Frank; but that young lady paid not the slightest attention to either. Darting her bright, black eyes hither and thither until they rested on Disbrowe, who was in the act of laying aside the book he had been reading, she darted forward, according to her usual fashion, flung her arms around his neck, and fell to kissing him rapturously.

Jacquette, who had first started at her father's address, and fixed her clear, penetrating eyes full on his face, in calm surprise, now recovered herself, and said, quietly:

"If that question is addressed to me, I found her playing near the old inn, and took her with me to Red Rock, and from thence home, by her own desire."

"Home!" said Mr. De Vere, with a slight sneer. "How know you this is her home?"

"I did not say it was! She wished to see Captain Disbrowe, and I brought her here to my home for that purpose."

"Ah! You are very fond of the child, doubtless?"

"I like her—yes, sir."

"You like her! Nothing more?"

"I do not understand you, papa."

"We will drop that title, if you please. Until certain matters are cleared up, I am not at all ambitious to hear it from your lips."

Two red spots, like twin tongues of flame, leaped to the cheeks of Jacquette, and she passed her hand over her brow in a bewildered sort of way. Disbrowe's face flushed, and he bit his lip till it was bloodless. Augusta and Jacquette looked up, and fixed their eyes on Mr. De Vere in utter amazement. A smile, and significant glance passed between Grizel and Captain Nick. Frank's eyes flashed, and even little Orrie, perching her head on one side, looked from one to the other, as if trying to understand what all this meant. Mr. De Vere's face was growing sadder and darker every moment; for, as she stood there before him, there was little difficulty in tracing the strong resemblance between her and Nick Tempest. Jacquette was proud—too proud to let any one there present see how keenly she felt the insult; so, drawing her small, slight figure up to its full height, she bowed, and said coldly:

"As you please, sir."

"I might not so much object to hearing it myself," said Mr. De Vere, in the same slightly-sneering tone he had before used—more galling to hear, by far, than an angry one would have been; "but there is another gentleman present who has a better claim than I to that dutiful title; perhaps he may be jealous at being robbed of his due."

"That's the chit!" said the captain.

She looked from one to the other, like a wounded deer with the hounds at its throat.

"Oh, my God! we are all sinners, and none more unworthy than I. But, what have I done to deserve this?"

There was a passionate solemnity in her tone that thrilled through every heart. Disbrowe rose, as white as herself.

"This is base—this is unmanly—this is cruel! If she were on trial for life, she would be told her crime, and allowed to defend herself. Will you not give her the same privilege as a public malefactor?"

"She knows well enough it's all sham!" said Grizel, harshly. "She can play Persecuted Innocence to perfection!"

"Come! I'll ask her a question," said Captain Nick, in his bullying tone. "Right about face, Miss or Madam Jacquette. Look at me—look at me well!"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Oh, fire away! Don't mind me," exclaimed Captain Nick with a wave of his hand.

"What an actress was lost in you, Miss Jack!" said the captain, with a sneer.

"Now, Jacquette, it's of no use," said Grizel, in a wheeling tone. "You know just as well as he does what it means, and it is only a waste of good tragedy to rant and fire up like this." How often have you told me that you dreaded this day, and implored me on your knees not to tell what I have told? Calm yourself, and be reasonable. You may as well acknowledge your true father, and drop all this nonsense at once. It imposes on no one now."

"That's the chit!" said the captain.

She looked from one to the other, like a wounded deer with the hounds at its throat.

"Oh, my God! we are all sinners, and none more unworthy than I. But, what have I done to deserve this?"

There was a passionate solemnity in her tone that thrilled through every heart. Disbrowe rose, as white as herself.

"This is base—this is unmanly—this is cruel! If she were on trial for life, she would be told her crime, and allowed to defend herself. Will you not give her the same privilege as a public malefactor?"

"She knows well enough it's all sham!" said Grizel, harshly. "She can play Persecuted Innocence to perfection!"

"Come! I'll ask her a question," said Captain Nick, in his bullying tone. "Right about face, Miss or Madam Jacquette. Look at me—look at me well!"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Well; do you know me? Come, now,

the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! you do! Mark that, Mr. De Vere. Who am I, then?"

"Captain Nick Tempest—the greatest villain unhung!"

The answer was so unexpected—so completely different from any thing he had looked for, that the gallant captain sunk back in his chair, and stared at her, perfectly unable to utter a word.

Grizel Howlet grinned horribly a ghastly smile" of triumph over her old enemy, and muttered:

"Her father's daughter, indeed! Pluck the last!"

And, Frank, who had hitherto stood a silent and wondering spectator, called out, delightedly:

"That's you, Jack; hit him again!"

Mr. De Vere's brow grew, if possible, a shade more stern than it had been before.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking, mistress? Let him be ever so great a villain, it is your duty to be respectful. If you think to raise yourself in my estimation by any display like this, you are greatly mistaken in me, young lady! I can not cease to forget as easily as you can, that there is a commandment which says: 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord shall give.'

"I have not tried to raise myself in your estimation, Mr. De Vere. I never yet sued for the good opinion of any one, and I shall not begin now! Neither can I see how the command just quoted can apply to the present case in the remotest degree."

"Pray for yourself," he said, haughtily.

"You need forgiveness as much as me."

"May I go?" she said, wearily, dropping her head. "I am tired and sick! I never meant to wrong you; and, if you would only believe that, I could forget the rest."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. De Vere,

rising to his feet, and sternly confronting her, "that you do not know that man?" She met his angry gaze unflinchingly.

"I mean to say no such thing, sir! I do know him quite as well as I am anxious to know him, or any one of his class."

"Take care we are not better acquainted before long, my pretty little dear?" Any one of his class, forsorth! What class do you belong, if it comes to that, my high and mighty little princess royal?" sneered the captain.

"You prevaricate, young lady. Will you tell me in what relation he stands to you?"

"That's it! You have her now, square! Drive her into the corner, where she can't dodge!" cried the captain, delightedly.

"Silence, fellow!" angrily exclaimed Mr. De Vere. "I await your answer, madam."

"I do not understand you, sir. Do you mean to say that man is any relation to me?"

"That is an Irish way of answering my question, and looks very much like a shuffling evasion! Now, I will put the question direct. I suppose you do not need to be told that I am not your father!"

Her face turned dark-crimson for an instant, and then whiter before.

"I mean not your own father," he observed, hastily.

"No, sir."

There was a simultaneous exclamation from Jacquette, Disbrowe, and Frank; but no one noticed them, and Mr. De Vere went on:

"Then, as every one has a father, living or dead, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me who yours really is?"

"It is late to ask that question. You know as much of the matter as I do!"

Captain Tempest whistled.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"You have!" said Jacquette, in a ringing voice. "Deny it not! Tell all you know!"

"You have accused me of doing that already!" he said with a haughty bow.

"Then you have not told?"

He only replied by a look. He would not answer such a charge.

"Ah! and I have wronged you! I am sorry! Will you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive."

"No; it is scarcely worth while stooping to forgive so lost a wretch as I. Shall I tell you what he saw, Mr. De Vere, since he will not?"

"As you please. It matters little."

"Jacquette!" said the boy in a trembling voice.

"Hush! fear not! Then through the door of this boy's room he saw me kiss him!"

"Ah!"

"How very indiscreet of you to leave the open door," said Grizelle, with a laugh and a shrug.

Jacinto started up.

"Jacquette, I will tell! I will!"

"Do, at your peril! Not one word, sir!"

"But—"

"Not word! I will never forgive you if you do!"

The boy hid his face in his hands with a groan.

"If you have any thing to say, young sir, out with it!" said Mr. De Vere, sternly.

Agric Jacinto started up.

"Oh! Jacquette, I must! It was my fault, and I will take the consequences. I will tell! I must tell! I can not bear to think I was the cause of—"

"You are the cause of nothing. In my guilt and my degradation I stand alone! From all blame you are free! You can say nothing that will free me from the crime of having such a father, such a mother, and such a child! I am the daughter of an outlaw and a villain, ruined and disgraced!

Ruined and disgraced!—It has an ugly sound; but it is the truth, though I may never have spoken it before. Good-by, my friend; you at least, believe me innocent of one crime with which I have been charged, and that is something. Mr. De Vere, what next? I do not wish to trouble you but as short a time as I can. I await your command to go."

"It will come presently," Jacquette De Vere, I am sorry for you."

"There is no need, sir. What does it matter?"

"What will become of you when you leave here?"

"I am a small girl, sir; and in the Potter's Field there is room for another virgin."

Some of the old love he had felt for her came back, as he saw that faint, cold smile.

"Oh! Jacquette, why have you done this? Why were you so deceitful?"

"We will not speak of it, sir, if you please. I do not think I can quite bear it yet. Forget the past, and think of me as you have learned to do to-day."

Jacquette, was it for his home and wealth you married my unfortunate son?"

"I'd rather not answer that question. You have already answered it to your own satisfaction; and nothing a confirmed liar, such as I am, can say, is to be believed."

"You were only a child then—a little child! Was duplicity born with you, Jacquette?"

"Very likely, sir. You forgot my mother."

"Ah, true!" His brow darkened again.

"And so you will go with this man?"

"He is my father, sir."

"Oh! you acknowledge it at last—do you? you undutiful little minx!" growled the captain.

"Is the list of my crimes ended, Mr. De Vere? When may I go?"

"As soon as you please. I will ring and give orders to have your things packed up."

"No, sir, you will not! Bare and penniless as I came to Fontelle, I will leave it! Good-by, Mr. De Vere; you were a kind friend to me always, and I shall pray God to forgive you for the wrong you have done me this day. He is more merciful than man, and perhaps He may forgive even so lost a sinner as I am."

Her voice trembled a little as she moved one step away.

"One thing further. Since this is my chid, may she not come with me? Neither she nor I will ever trouble you again."

"No!" said Mr. De Vere; "my grandchild stay in Fontelle Hall!"

"I can not give her up so!" she said, passionately—"she is all I have left to love! Orrie, I am your mother, will you not come with me?"

That pleading smile; that quivering lip—how pitiful they were to see!

"I am your grandfather, my child. If you will stay with me you shall live here and be a lady. You shall have every thing your heart can desire."

Orrie looked from one to the other, and then up at Disbrowe, on whose knee she still sat. Her face was averted, but he held her closer in his arms.

"Will he stay, too?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. De Vere.

"Then so will I!" said Orrie. "I won't go!"

Something faded out of the face of Jacquette—it could not be color, for she was deadly white; it was as if a flickering light had gone out from a lamp. She put one trembling hand up before her face without a word.

"The last unkindest cut of all," quoted Captain Tempest, touched in spite of himself.

"Ring the bell, Frank, and tell Reynolds to serve dinner instantly," said Mr. De Vere, coldly.

Jacquette lifted her white face, and made a step toward the door. Captain Tempest, Grizelle, and Jacinto, rose too. No one else moved.

She reached the door; she paused on the threshold, her face worked convulsively, and she turned back with a great cry.

"I can not go like this! Will no one say good-by to me before I leave?"

"Certainly," said Mr. De Vere, "good-by. And in the future I hope you will learn to be true!"

"And that is all? And this is what I have loved so well? Oh! my heart! this is hardest of all! Augusta, Orrie, Disbrowe—silent all! And you, too, Frank," she said in a voice of sorrowful reproach. "And I trusted to you!"

There was a great sob from Frank, and the next moment he was over, holding her in his arms, and flashing defiance at all the rest.

"It's a shame! It's a blamed shame! it's a horrid shame! and I don't believe a word of it! They have no business to treat you so!" said Frank, with something like a howl of mingled grief and rage.

She smiled sadly.

"Then you do love me a little, yet Fran?"

"Yes, I do! and I always will, too! I don't believe a single thing they said about you, and I never will believe it so long as I live—hanged if I do!"

"Then you have not told?"

He only replied by a look. He would not answer such a charge.

"Ah! and I have wronged you! I am sorry! Will you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive."

"No; it is scarcely worth while stooping to forgive so lost a wretch as I. Shall I tell you what he saw, Mr. De Vere, since he will not?"

"Good-by, my dear Frank, my brother!"

"There is something touching in a boy's grief—it is so honest and hearty, and outspoken, and comes so straight from the heart. It would have brought tears to Jacquette's eyes if any thing could; but she had none to shed—she felt like a stone, yet with such a dreadful pain at her heart."

"Good-by, my dear Frank, my brother!"

Frank was sobbing away in good earnest. Jacinto had his hand before his eyes, to hide the tears that fell hot and fast. Augusta lay perfectly still—for a deadly sickness had seized her, and she had fainted, though they knew it not. Disbrowe sat like a figure of marble, with his face hidden in his hand and the long locks of his falling hair. Mr. De Vere was cold and stern as a Spartan father condemning his only son to death.

"Farewell to all!" said Jacquette, gently, "who loved me once! Farewell to old Fontelle!"

She turned away. The rest went after her. There was a few moments' death-like pause, and then they heard the hall-door heavily closed, and something in each heart crashed with it. They knew then that Jacquette—bright, beautiful Jacquette—the gay, sunny household-fairy, had left Fontelle forever!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 87.)

## Dora, the Seamstress.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

DORA ROMAINE entered her little apartment, which she had brought from her employer's.

Her thoughts were far away as she unpinned the paper. She was thinking of Riley Sharpe, her lover who, months before, left her side to pursue his art studies under the eyes of the masters in shadowless Italy. His last letter told her that his task was finished, and that, ere long, he would take leave of the sunny land to clasp her to his heart and call her his bride.

Suddenly the caption of a paragraph caught her eye, and drove the color from her cheeks. It startled her because Riley's return was daily expected.

It was a long time before she could entrust herself with the contents of the paragraph, which ran thus:

"SHIP LOST.—Three men reached the city yesterday around whom centers a vast deal of painful interest. They are the sole survivors of the Albatross, which sank in mid-ocean, on the night of the 5th ultimo. The ill-fated vessel left Leghorn with the following list of passengers:—Riley Sharpe, artist."

But why conclude the paragraph, when the first name of the list caused the seamstress to sink to the floor with an agonizing shriek?

Her lover had sailed in the Albatross, and he slept beneath the ocean, for he did not appear among the survivors! It was a lamentable story that dwelt upon the lips of the trio. In mid-ocean the noble ship, carrying the stars and stripes at her mast-head, founded, and carried down with her one hundred and four souls. Upon detached pieces of the vessel, the saved managed to pass the night, and were picked up by a ship the next day. They saw none of their companions afloat, and believed themselves to be the sole survivors of the terrible catastrophe.

This was the account the seamstress read, when she recovered from her syncope and became calm. Then she glanced at the head-line of the journal, and discovered that it was a stale issue.

"What?" she cried. "have the people known for a fortnight that Riley sleeps upon a bed of coral, while I dreamed of a life of unfeigned happiness as his bride?"

What binds me to life now?—what? Nothing. Now I am alone in the world, alone! I have pronounced that little word before; but it never sounded like it sounds now. Alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless, and—friendless!"

"I do not think I can quite bear it yet. Forget the past, and think of me as you have learned to do to-day."

Jacquette, was it for his home and wealth you married my unfortunate son?"

"I'd rather not answer that question. You have already answered it to your own satisfaction; and nothing a confirmed liar, such as I am, can say, is to be believed."

"We will not speak of it, sir, if you please. I do not think I can quite bear it yet. Forget the past, and think of me as you have learned to do to-day."

But why conclude the paragraph, when the first name of the list caused the seamstress to sink to the floor with an agonizing shriek?

Her lover had sailed in the Albatross, and he slept beneath the ocean, for he did not appear among the survivors! It was a lamentable story that dwelt upon the lips of the trio. In mid-ocean the noble ship, carrying the stars and stripes at her mast-head, founded, and carried down with her one hundred and four souls. Upon detached pieces of the vessel, the saved managed to pass the night, and were picked up by a ship the next day. They saw none of their companions afloat, and believed themselves to be the sole survivors of the terrible catastrophe.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word, left, driving the disengaged warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell, except another looking glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and, in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to their village, well laden, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them new out timber enough to make the door

## SLIPPERY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The snow has lain for many days,  
Enough to bind the foot,  
The walks are trodden hard and smooth,  
And sticken o'er with sleet.  
You look just like a clown,  
And somehow, when my feet go up,  
My body will come down.  
Indeed, these are the slippery times,  
That Scripture speaks about,  
You've got to keep your secret close,  
For fear of slipping out.  
I had to get my tongue rough-shod,  
It made so many slips,  
And many a slip is also made  
Between the cup and lips.  
A man was owing me a sum,  
Not much, but large enough,  
He, in the general smoothness, ac-  
Cidentally slipped off.  
The darkness is greater round o' nights,  
I have to grasp the fence lest I  
Slip off my slippery theme.

## The Island Girl's Story.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

The bark Wendel, Captain Turner, sailed from New York for the East Indies, and was not heard of until two years later.

Then the captain appeared, to state that his vessel had gone down with all on board in the South Pacific. He was the only man out of all that bark's crew who was saved to tell the tale. After drifting about for three days and nights, clinging to a spar, he had been, he stated, picked up by a Russian craft.

As soon as possible, after beating about from port to port, he had returned home.

A widow, named Brandon, who had had a son as cabin-boy aboard the fated ship, learned that her little Charlie had perished with the rest.

Her only consolation now was her beautiful daughter, Mary, a young woman of eighteen. But the captain, in telling his sad story to the widow, had seen this girl, and determined to make her his wife. Her blonde beauty had fascinated him. He called daily to bask in the sunshine of those blue eyes.

The captain was a young man of twenty-four—a singular-looking personage, almost as dark as a mulatto, with black, piercing eyes, which Mrs. Brandon said she did not like. The young man, even while in Mary's company, would often fall into fits of moody reverie, and would sometimes start when she appeared suddenly before him.

Mary rather liked him, although, at times, an involuntary shudder would pass over her when she encountered the steady glance of his dark eyes.

At times she would even feel strangely uneasy before him.

Nevertheless, she persuaded herself that she loved him, and at length she consented to become his wife.

They were married, after which the moodiness alluded to became more frequent with the captain.

Sometimes he would frown upon Mary, when he thought she did not see him; but he was most always detected, and the bride would then throw herself into his arms, asking him if he was already getting to hate her.

"Hate you? No, indeed," Turner would answer. "I have a habit of frowning when I am thinking."

"When you are in trouble, you mean," said Mary, on one of these occasions. "Oh, why not let me share your troubles?"

He turned deadly pale, and drops of perspiration gathered on his brow.

"You?" he gasped. "No, no! I—I am not in trouble!"

He then changed the subject hurriedly, and with a manner so startled that his young wife was frightened.

At length Turner was appointed to the command of the ship Canton, bound to the East Indies.

"I will go with you," said Mary.

Turner reflected long, ere he answered:

"I think you had better not."

She pleaded so hard, however, that he finally consented. Nevertheless, he looked troubled and uneasy.

Preparations were soon completed, and away went the Canton, bowing seaward.

Mary regretted to discover that her husband was rather harsh with the men. She perceived that he was no favorite aboard—not even with his officers.

This, however, only made her cling all the more closely to him, and endeavor, by every means in her power, to soothe his moody temper, which had become worse than ever since he sailed. For whole days he would scarcely speak to his wife, and, often in the still watches of the night, she would hear his troubled footsteps on the quarter-deck above her head.

In a few months the ship had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and was speeding on before a fair wind.

Suddenly, however, the wind hauled ahead, and the ship was caught in a current, which carried her slowly, yet steadily, towards an island not many miles distant.

Upon this island the captain would now and then level his glass, in a nervous, uneasy way, which did not escape the attention of his officers.

"Don't think we'll drift ashore, there, sir," the mate at length said to him; "we can get a good offing with the boats, if there should be no other way."

"Ay, ay," answered Turner, briefly; "perhaps so."

He went down into the cabin, and was carefully consulting his chart.

Mary remarked that he was deadly pale.

"Do you not feel well, William?" she inquired.

"Hush! I don't bother me!" he answered, harshly.

She shrank away in tears, and Turner soon after rose, and began pacing the cabin deck, hurriedly.

"What ails you? Will you not tell me?" inquired Mary, gently.

"Away!" he exclaimed, glaring at her and grinding his teeth, "away! I cannot bear the sight of you!"

Mary sunk upon the lounge, and buried her face in her hands, while her husband went on deck.

Soon the ship was within a league of the island, and Turner, with trembling limbs, stood by the mainmast looking through his glass, when his mate exclaimed, "Here comes a canoe!"

The canoe was soon alongside, containing a tall, handsome island girl, whose only attire was a piece of cloth around her waist, and a string of beads about her neck.

The captain started the moment he saw her, and shook like an aspen.

She came aboard. Her eyes and the captain's met ere he could draw back.

She uttered a wild exclamation.

"Ho! What me see! man as kill poor boy, years ago on island. Strike dead with fist!"

"It's a lie!" screamed Turner; but all the officers had heard the words, and many suspicious glances were directed toward the captain.

"Let me see!" continued the girl; "he call—Charl—Charl—Bran—Brandon—Charlie Brandon! dat's it!"

A shriek was heard, and Mary, who had come up, fell senseless to the deck.

"This matter must be looked into," said the mate.

He consulted apart with his officers and the island girl, when it was unanimously resolved to put the captain in irons.

This was done, after which the mate went ashore with the island girl, who showed him where Turner had buried little Charlie Brandon. The sand was scooped away, and the skeleton of the boy was really found.

So great was Turner's excitement, that symptoms of apoplexy soon ensued. He died three days after his arrest, but not until he had made a full confession of his guilt.

When the Wendel went down, a man and little Brandon, clinging to a spar, had drifted to this island. Subsequently the boy had said something which, offending the quick-tempered skipper, he struck him over the temple with his fist. The island girl had seen him do the deed, and had run away to inform her people.

While she was gone, Turner threw Charlie into a hole in the sand, and quickly covered his body, took to a canoe, and escaped out to sea.

There is little to add. The shock to poor Mary, on learning that her own husband had killed her little brother, was so great as to temporarily unsettle her reason. She recovered, however, but was a mere shadow of her former self.

She now resides with her mother, and many are the pitying glances directed toward her, whenever her bowed form, sunken face, and hollow eyes are seen in the public streets.

"Twar one uv them fellers es we had to fight for Englishers, an' dang my ole leathers ef I didn't say at ther time, and thought it, too, that it war his pardner es hed drap' onto him on the sky."

"It kinder bu sted up ther fandanger, an' purty soon me and 'Lige lit out fur fun."

"Next mornin' we up stakes, and set out prospectin' fur a place as warn't so cussed crowded as the gulch war a-gittin' to be."

"Now, boyees, hyar kems ther quare part uv this here yarn, an' it's true, ev'ry turned word of it—hain't it 'Lige?!"

"It jess ar," was 'Lige's ready indorsement.

"Fur more'n two months 'Lige an' me

weeks afore ev'rybody in ther gulch looked a heap cleaner nor they did afore they kem.

"But Lordy! What a lot uv trouble them creeters did make in ther section. Why, afore a month hed passed, they hed half the boyees an' growlin' an' cussin' at one another, an' swarin' they'd do this an' that to sumbady else, an' sich, till me an' 'Lige got disgusted, an' determined to cut sticks, an' drive our muggs sumwhar else."

"You see, the wives war scarce out that et

was a cat, I don't mind a-tellin' yur who twar as plugged yur down at ther gulch."

"Yes, Jim, go on' sed t'other 'un, in a monstrous weakly voice."

"Well, pardner, yur know as how we've

been a-pullin' together for nigh two year, an'

we hev cashed a power uv stuff between us,

hain't we?"

"We jess, Jim."

"Yes, a good bit, but thar warn't enuff

for two, an' so I thinks what a lot of good it'd

do one feller; an' then, pardner, fearin' th'

fifty-odd stout, healthy chaps couldn't marry

ther wimmin, they got, es I sed, a-quarrel,

an' out kin six-shooters an' scalpers reddy

fur work."

"One arternoon 'Lige kem, an' sez he:

"Thar's a-goin' to be a fandanger down to Mobley's ranch, to-night. Goin'?"

"Sartin, sez I."

"Thar'll be fun," sez 'Lige. "There are

wimmin'll be thar."

"Ef they be," sez I, "thar'll be sumbudy hurted afore mornin', an' 'Lige, over thar, sed he reckin'."

"I jess did," cut in that individual.

"Well, arter sundown, 'Lige an' me lit

out, an' fetched up at Mobley's, whar the fun

war a-goin' on."

"Thar war them two creeters, a-cavortin'

and sloshin' around, an' the fellers all a-

utter, Jess like a lot of mad peccaries,

"Shore enuff, as 'Lige sed, that war a lot

uv fun, an' as I sed, it warn't long before

sumbdy's six-shooter cracked, an' a feller bumpt' up, an' rolled over, appearantly es

deed es a gun bar'l."

"Twar one uv them fellers es we had to

fight for Englishers, an' dang my ole leathers ef I didn't say at ther time, and thought it, too, that it war his pardner es hed drap' onto him on the sky."

"It kinder bu sted up ther fandanger, an' purty soon me and 'Lige lit out fur fun."

"Next mornin' we up stakes, and set out

prospectin' fur a place as warn't so cussed

crowded as the gulch war a-gittin' to be."

"Now, boyees, hyar kems ther quare part

uv this here yarn, an' it's true, ev'ry turned

word of it—hain't it 'Lige?!"

"It jess ar," was 'Lige's ready indorsement.

"Fur more'n two months 'Lige an' me

went s'archin' around fur a good place, an'

at last we lit onto it, in a kind uv valley, purty high up, an' cussed hard to re'ch at

that.

"Hyar we did fist rate, an' ther way we

buckled to it, war a caution. Don't know

es unny uv yer youngsters ever tried it on,

but, I tell you, it'll make a wooden man

work like a hoss, when he sees ev'ry shovel

uv earth he turns, a-sparklin' wi' the shiny stuff."

"One evenin' me an' 'Lige war a-settin'

on the rock, lookin' down the trail es led

down the mount'in, in when we see a cupple

uv chaps a-pullin' up, travelin' slow, es

ef 'twar a leetle too much fur 'em."

"When they kem a bit closer, we see that

one on 'em war helpin' o'ther one along.

"Not wantin' unny more company, 'Lige

an' me dodged ahind a big dornick, an' lay

tha' watchin' these two chaps."

"Perty soon I heard 'Lige say 'Englishers,

an', shore enuff, that war them same

two chaps as we knowned at the gulch. We

knowned then, what war the matter wi' the

sick feller. Yer see he hadn't yit got over

the dose o'ther chap, or some chap, hed guv him at ther dance."

"Well, they kem stumblin' an' blunderin',

an' durnt my cate of them didn't jess

squat right onto ther big rock ahind which